

The World

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NEW YORK ON TRIAL.

To-day the public spirit of New York is put to the test. Mr. Fomes, President of the Board of Aldermen, has called upon the citizens to meet at the City Hall this afternoon to take measures for bringing the Democratic National Convention to this city. The results of that meeting will show how much energy is available in the metropolis for a public object.

As far as the amount of money to be raised is concerned, that hardly deserves a thought. There are \$62,000 still to be subscribed to make up the guaranty fund of \$70,000. If that were divided into four parts, to be given respectively by the railroads, the theatres, the hotels and the merchants, the contribution required from each interest would be too trifling to need a second request.

It would be an insult to New York to intimate that there could be any trouble in raising a fund amounting to less than two cents per head of our population. It is not money but work, that is in doubt. Do we take enough interest in public affairs to put ourselves to a little trouble for a common benefit? Will our merchants take their eyes off their tills long enough to give the city a lift? President Fomes, in his call for to-day's meeting, has deprived them of any excuse for inaction. He disclaims any partisan purpose in bringing the convention here, and puts the matter on broad public grounds. "It is a movement," he says, "to bring 500,000 representative Americans to our city. Such a gathering cannot but be of lasting benefit to New York. It will lend an impetus to our commercial relations with every part of the United States and will bring the people of the East and the people of the West into closer social relations."

The meeting is to be open to "all men who are interested in the welfare of New York," and Mr. Fomes expresses the hope "that every class of professional and business men will be represented."

The question now is not whether we are going to have the convention—New York is great enough to get along without that if necessary—but whether our business men can be prodded into showing the enterprise that those of any smaller place would be glad to show without urging.

A PLAZA OF PALACES.

Mr. Ahern, the Borough President-elect, tells The Evening World that he is enthusiastically in favor of the proposed improvement of City Hall Park by the removal of all the old buildings except the City Hall and the construction of a splendid line of municipal palaces on the north side of Chambers street. This is a most desirable plan, but of course all its merit depends upon the way it is carried out. The city is now paying office rent equivalent to the interest on about \$10,000,000. It could afford, therefore, to spend that much at once on municipal buildings allowing nothing for the certain future growth of its business. That amount, rightly laid out, would make City Hall Park a vision of splendor, but think of the effect of \$10,000,000 worth of Horgan & Slattery! Two or three superb plans for the development of this region have been offered to the public, and the new administration will have no excuse for going astray.

The Farmer Still on Top.—At last year's crop rate the farms of the United States could pay off the national debt in four months. The corn crop alone is worth twenty years' dividends of the Standard Oil Trust.

LITERATURE IN THE COTTON MARKET.

Mr. Daniel J. Sully, the great Cotton Bull, proposes to collect a fund of \$250,000 for the purpose of educating the public up to the point of meekly and even cheerfully accepting the increased cost of cotton goods involved in a rise of 50 per cent. in the price of the raw material. It is an attractive scheme, and no doubt there are many promoters of "educational publicity" who would be glad to help Mr. Sully spend his quarter of a million and as much more as he could raise.

But suppose the consumers were all convinced that cotton was dog cheese at 14 cents and the Southern planters, hungry for more of such a good thing, should come along next year with a 13,000,000-bale crop where would the Sully literary bureau get off?

Literature has its uses, but it is just as well not to count upon it to repeal the law of supply and demand.

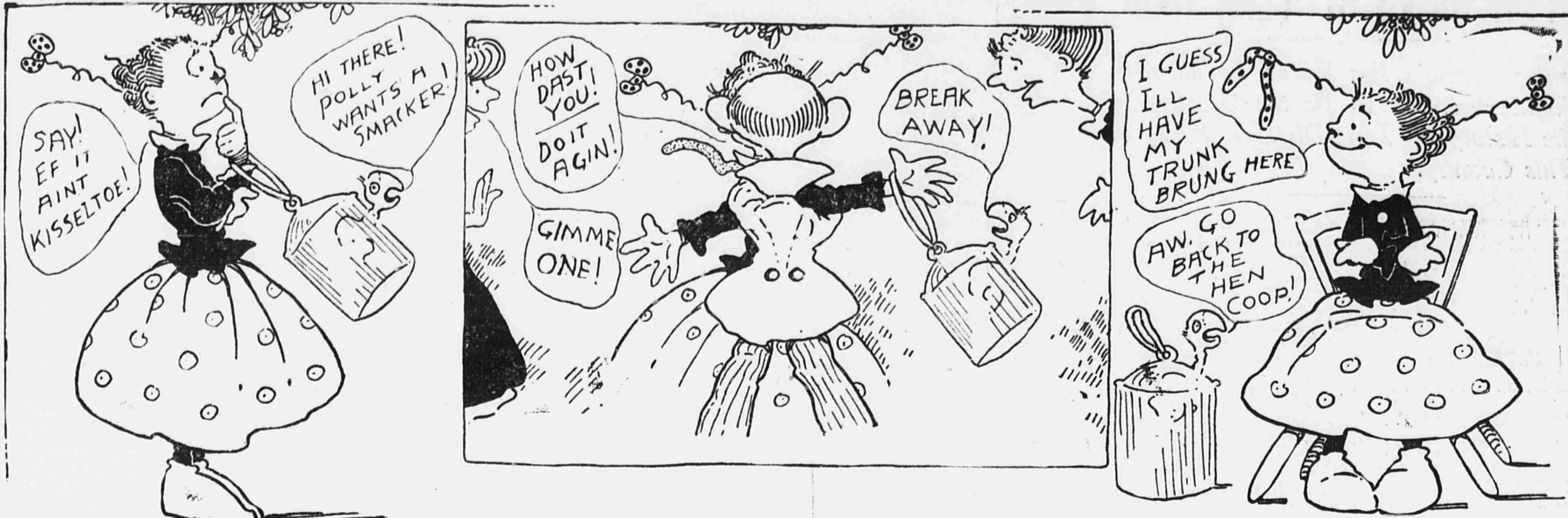
The Portchester Garrote.—The old Board of Aldermen has allowed the Portchester Railroad to lapse without offering the outraged residents of the Bronx the poor consolation of a reason or an excuse. We shall see now whether a recommendation of a Tammany Board of Estimate and Apportionment will be treated in the same fashion by the new board.

IS CHILD-SLAVERY NECESSARY?

Mr. Winton C. Garrison, Chief of the New Jersey State Bureau of Labor and Statistics, makes an extraordinary defense of the system of child labor. He deprecates the "atmosphere of sentimentalism" in which "fact and reason are liable to be lost sight of," and holds that the extent of the evil, "if there is one," is "grossly magnified." He thinks child slavery is "necessary, unavoidable and unobjectionable," because, while school advantages are desirable, "the first great natural law and obligation of life is to keep alive," and until that problem has been solved "these people simply cannot spare a thought or an effort for anything else."

Is it possible that a man can become Chief of the Labor Bureau of New Jersey without ever having formed an acquaintance with the economic law that the work of women and children tends to depress wages to an extent that makes the aggregate income of a family of workers no greater than that of the single breadwinner where the family is supported by one man? And is New Jersey in such a state of industrial degradation that a generation must grow up without the hope of advancement because it cannot "spare a thought or an effort" for education or anything else but the daily effort of getting enough to eat?

SASSY SUE - By the Creator of "Sunny Jim" & Susan Is Ready! You May Fire!



Said Sue, "I'm scared of mistletoe. No man has ever kissed me—No!"

She was seized and kissed—she caught her breath, Then clutched the kisser like grim death.

And then she yelled "You gals go 'way! Vamoose! Th's place is mine all day!"
Minnie Maud Hanff.

When R-E-M-O-R-S-E Comes to a Pretty Woman.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

EVERYBODY knows what R-E-M-O-R-S-E spells to a man. It needed no Frank Moulton, with towel-wrapped head and tilted sea pitcher, to tell New Yorkers what "the cold gray dawn of the morning after"—400 many cocktails, dry Martinis or otherwise—brings with it.

But there is another kind of R-E-M-O-R-S-E, not of the key towel, but of the warm, damp handkerchief, that comes to women, particularly those who are young and very pretty and indiscreet, as only very young and very pretty women dare to be.

It is the keen mental anguish, the veritable agony of repentance that comes to a coquette who has gone to bed at 1 o'clock in the morning, thrilled and stimulated by the admiration she has received at the dance or dinner party she has just left, and who in the ensuing wakefulness, born of overexcited nerves, recalls one by one the compliments that she thought so charming, to find only that they were impertinences, and her own much appreciated witticisms, to discover that after all they were very cheap and she would a great deal rather not have said them.

There is no enthusiasm born of alcohol so potent in its efforts as the cold-water intoxication that comes of being too much admired. And there is no morning-after reaction that in humility and anguish of spirit compares with that following a perfectly harmless evening where one has—well, yes—dined a little with every man in the room.

"Oh, why did I make that idiotic speech to that awful Jones man?" asks the feminine sufferer from R-E-M-O-R-S-E of her midnight pillow.

"Why did I let that silly Browne thing hold my hands?"

"What a beast that Johnson was to giggle when I made that perfectly dreadful break!"

"Will I never be old enough, I wonder, not to realize those frightful speeches until they have come out and it is too late?"

"And he looked as if he thought I knew what I was saying and did it on purpose. He is probably telling it at his club now. Who was it said he was such an awful gossip? But I don't care what they say or what they think about me."

"Only what will Jack say when it gets to him. Of course it will get to him, for I remember he told me he went to school with Johnson. I am sure he will be angry and make a scene."

"And if he does—no I won't give him time to say a word. I'll just hand him back this ring without any explanation—and—oh dear, I am so miserable. I always knew it would come to this."

And then there are sobs and tears and tremulous cluttings of a moist pillow. What about? Probably some frivolous speech that the much-maligned Johnson has already forgotten, or some momentary ballroom contact born of the sympathy that well-executed waltz music sometimes creates between two utterly alien souls.

But the cause—as the victim herself acknowledges when sleep and sunlight restore her to a normal mood—didn't matter. It was just a case of feminine R-E-M-O-R-S-E.

WE TWO.

Heavy the clouds and dreary the day—
One like we used to have long ago;
Chilly and cold and bleak and gray,
But Polly and I, on our homeward way.

Care not at all for the blinding snow.

Shrugly ensconced in a woollen wrap—
Hands in a muff and her face aglow.

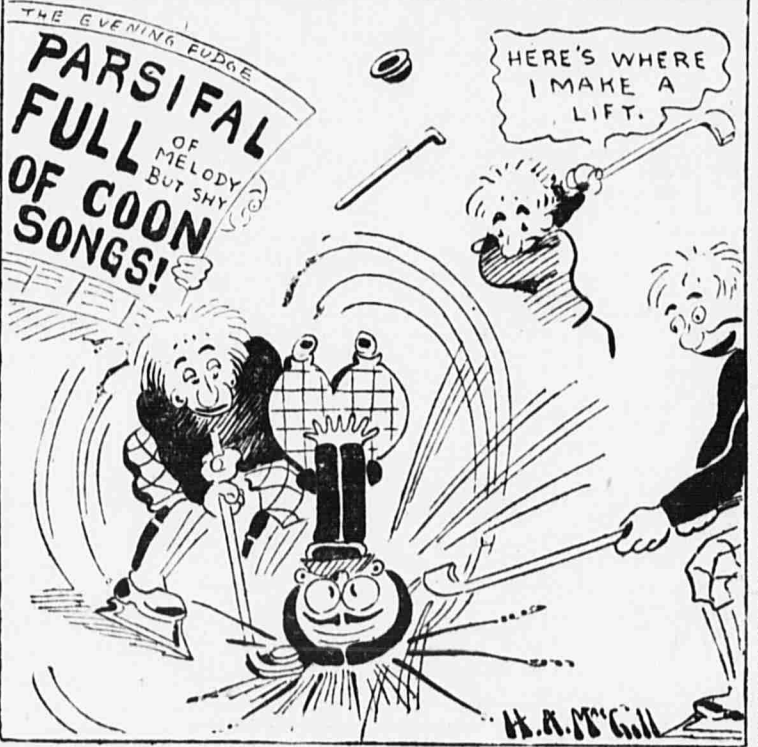
Polly is thinking of me, maybe, And I—well, from under my heavy cap
I'm dreaming of her, for I love her so.

Only we two, yet a happier pair,
Couldn't be found over land or sea,
For I love Polly, so sweet and fair,
And no cause have I for a single care.

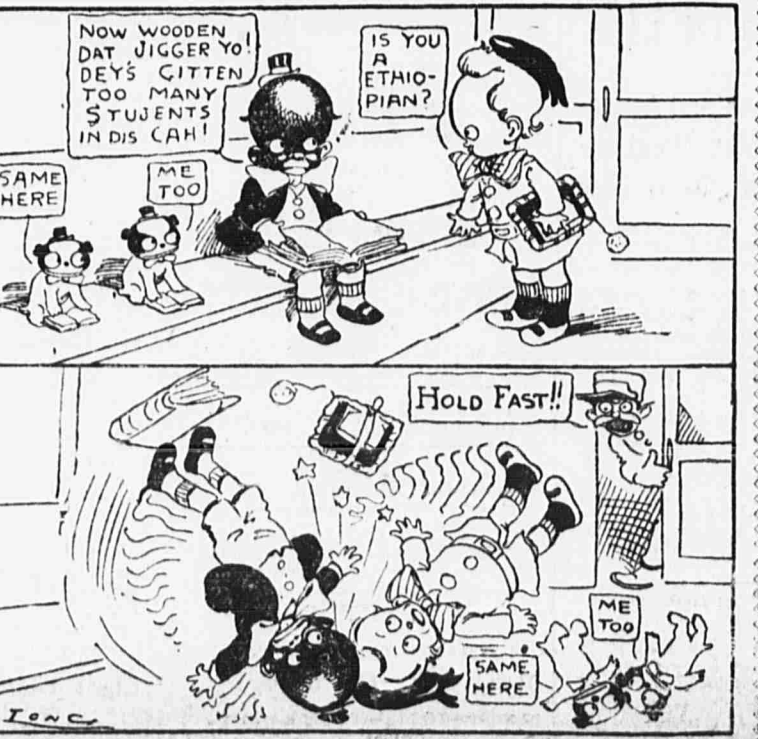
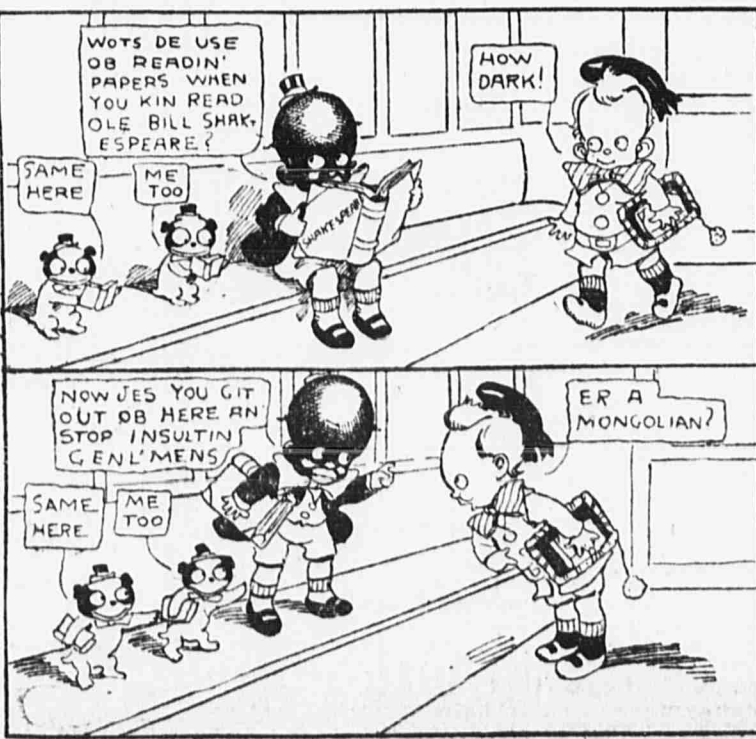
For Polly—she told me so—loves me! —Jerome P. Freeman in Baltimore News.

The Important Mr. Pewee, the Great Little Man.

He Plays a Game of Hockey and Distinguishes Himself in the Usual Way.



LITTLE DIXIE, The Coon Kid. A Christmas Picture Book Gives Him a Literary Turn of Mind.



The Man Higher Up

Lack of Money Is the Cause of All Evil.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that a Yale professor says the greatest curse of this country is the terrible greed for gold."

"He's up against the wrong steer," asserted the Man Higher Up. "The greatest curse of this country is the shyness of the gold supply. Lack of money is the curse of the poor. The rich have no curses except what they buy and pay for."

"When the engines of thought of our great philosophers get to work they never miss a stroke in grinding out verbal bubbles about the debasing effect of wealth. We are told every day that the pursuit of riches is causing the body politic to have sore feet. Professors with billboard foreheads, fat salaries and house rent free write and yammer about the blessings of being content with little."

"Show me a man who isn't out hustling after wealth and I'll show you a bum. I don't care whether he's a common ordinary hobo, thankful for a handout, or a man with good clothes who is too lazy to work. The man who don't seek to better his condition by his own efforts is a bum."

"If we didn't have a greed for gold where would we be? On the blink. We are born with a yearning for comfort. To secure comfort in any degree whatever you must have money. To get money you have to get out and dig for it. Some men consider comfort to be a warm place to sleep in and enough to eat. Others want amusement thrown in. The more a man gets the more his ideas of comfort grow."

"The greed for gold is as natural as an appetite for food. You never hear a poor man making a holler about the chase for the mazzuma putting a crimp in the country. The people who never get thoroughly warm in Winter nor thoroughly cool in Summer; who never have two square feeds in succession; who try their best to get along and keep slipping back all the time, don't think that a man ought to be sent to jail for having a bank account—unless he has one so big that no single bank can hold it."

"The greed for wealth is not the curse of this country. The crookedness of the wealthy is the real curse. If the college professors would pay more attention to crooks in business and in lawmaking and spend less time in giving advice to the poor who have advice to burn they would make more of a hit."

"It doesn't seem right for some men to have so much money while others have none at all," complained the Cigar Store Man.

"Of course it don't," agreed the Man Higher Up. "If everything seemed right there wouldn't be any use of dying."

Looking for Lepers.

The Hawaiian Government employs agents who travel over the islands looking for indications of leprosy in remote places. Banishment is so dreaded that frequently the family of a leper will keep him secreted for a year or two before discovery is made. A person who is supposed to have the disease is sent to the receiving station in Honolulu, where he is examined by five medical experts. If a "leper" be the verdict, money, position, influence, race or color cannot change the decree which sends this patient to Molokai.

Prince Cupid.

Prince Jonah Kuhio Kalaniano'ole, the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, is known in official circles as Minister Kuhio, but is usually referred to by his nickname, Prince Cupid, acquired while at school in San Francisco.

Like a Dime Novel.

Clinton C. Grimm, St. Louis, Col., ran away from his home, several years ago and his parents could find no trace of him. The other day his father received a check for \$4,000 from the young man, accompanied by the information that he had a goodly sum left and would return to his old home and engage in business.

The Cycle Corps.

Each man in the Russian cyclist corps carries a certain amount of luggage on his bicycle, consisting of a copper drinking cup and cooking vessel, a small canteen and the same amount of ammunition as an ordinary infantryman. The cavalry carry either or skin socks, which, inflated, serve as floats for the man and horse when crossing rivers.